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Samuel Sheldon

High Brown Breach of
Promise

Chicago, 1921





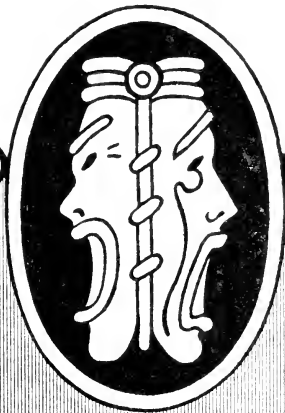
Denison's Specialties

HIGH BROWN
BREACH OF PROMISE

By

Sheldon Parmer

T.S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago



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Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2 4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

High Brown Breach of Promise

A BLACK AND TAN ABSURDITY

BY

SHELDON PARMER

AUTHOR OF

*"Safety First," "Lighthouse Nan," "An Arizona Cowboy," "Fun
in a Chinese Laundry," etc.*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

HIGH BROWN BREACH OF PROMISE

FOR SIXTEEN OR TWENTY-TWO MALES

PS 635
.Z9 P 28727

CHARACTERS.

JUDGE GOOSE.....*Tall, Heavy, Dignified and Black*
BENNY BUZZER.....*The Janitor, Ragged and Lazy*
SHERIFF SHRINKS.....*Wears an Officer's Badge*
LAWYER SNIP..*Thin, Active, Quick Spoken, Well Dressed*
LAWYER SNAP.....*Oratorical, Young, Overdressed*
RASTUS JONES..*The Prisoner, A Funny Little Brozen Man*
AMMONIA WHITE.....*Big Black Gal, Dressed in White*
AUNTY LOUDER.....*Old Black Mammy; Should Sing*
MR. BUCKSAW..*A Witness; Should Play Banjo, if Possible*
MR. SPARERIBS.....*A Witness, Big Yellow Farmer*
SIMON PETER PECK-IN-PAW....*A Jurymen, Old and Black*
DOOLITTLE DOUGH-HEAD.....*Walks with Crutches*
BOLIVAR CHICKENFEET.....*Comedy Juror, A Bad Man*
PINKY PINFEATHERS.....*A Cullud Sport*
JAKE BUTTONBUSTER*Brozen and Very Fat*
SLIMMY BEANPOLE*Tall, Brozen and Thin*
WATERMELON WISHBONE*A Jazz Singer*
PERFUMERY PIGSFOOT*A Black Tramp*
INKBLACK NIGHTSHADE....*All in Black; Carries Umbrella*
HIRAM HOGLIVER.....*Wears Lodge Badges and Baldric*
LILYBLOSSOM RAZORBLADE.....*A Coffee-Colored Soldier*
SAPPY BONEHEAD*An Effeminate Dude*

SCENE—*A Courtroom.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*One Hour.*

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SEP 26 '21

no 1

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Ammonia White, very big and very black, is suing little Rastus Jones for breach of promise, because Rastus proposed matrimony to her and sealed the compact with a kiss, but later got "cold feet" and refused to lead the coal-black Amazon to the church. Rastus, on the witness stand, claims that he lost all his enthusiasm for marriage when he saw his dusky fiancee bestow her affections on the dapper young Lawyer Snap, who is Ammonia's lawyer. But so well does Snap plead the case for his client that the jury are in favor of sending Rastus to the pen for life, when Bolivar Chickenfeet takes the stand and imparts the astonishing information that Snap and Ammonia are really man and wife and are engaged in the breach-of-promise suit in order to flim-flam Rastus out of his hard-earned dollars. Judge Goose, learning the true state of affairs, fines Snap 'leven hundred dollars and sentences him to ninety days in the county jail. Much of the humorous dialogue and action is furnished by Benny Buzzer, the lazy janitor, and by Aunt Louder, the obtuse old mammy, who "ain't goin' to 'low no man to cross-examine *her!*"

This little entertainment was originally written for church production, but it will prove very funny in the hands of any organization composed of men or boys. It is very easy to stage, as no scenery or curtains are needed, and may be prepared in eight or ten days, as the parts are short and snappy. It is recommended to Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. organizations, church brotherhoods, Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, boys' schools and colleges. One hour of clean, side-splitting diversion.

NOTES ON A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION.

All characters should act their parts every minute they are on the stage, no matter whether they are speaking or not. A good actor can help the scene by always being alert

to what is going on, looking surprised, happy or indignant as the case may be.

When speaking the lines pay attention to the punctuation points. Pause after every comma and pause after every period. When the audience laughs, wait until they finish before resuming the lines. Don't play too fast. Allow the points of the play to sink into the minds of the audience.

Buzzer's exclamations should be made directly to the audience, and the other actors pay absolutely no attention to them.

This play may be given by sixteen men instead of the twenty-two called for in the text, by omitting six of the jurymen.

When singing a song let every word and every syllable be heard by the audience, shun affectation and don't whine your song, *sing* it. In the quartet singing don't try to out-sing the other fellow. Let the air be heard above the harmony and modulate your voices to a pleasant volume.

Stand so that you face the audience while speaking your lines. Let every word be heard by everyone in the house.

Don't disclose the plot of the play before the performance takes place.

In using a burnt cork make-up, remember a little water is all that is needed. Under no circumstances use any grease, red paint or cold cream.

Learn every line of the play exactly as written. Don't insert your own words, as this confuses the other actors and in nine cases out of ten will not improve the humor of the play. Do not try to obtrude yourself on the audience by making faces, mugging, etc. Allow the person who is speaking to have the undivided attention of the audience. A performance of this play was ruined at one time by a would-be comedian in the jury making a funny fall from his seat while Auntie was holding the stage and the attention of the audience.

Advertise your play ten days before the performance.

Every character should have a copy of the play-book.

not only to learn his lines from, but to give him a complete knowledge of the play. If this advice is followed everyone will sing the same words in the choruses.

Most of the characters make up black. To make up, take a small bit of prepared burnt cork the size of a hickory nut, add a little water to it, make a paste and spread it all over the face, ears and neck, except at the lips. When this dries, brush off the superfluous cork with a bit of cotton. Blacken the outside of the hands or wear gloves. To remove make-up, use soap and water, but no cold cream or grease of any sort, as this makes the cork stick to the skin. It is not necessary to paint the lips, as their natural hue contrasts strongly enough with the black. Wigs may be worn if desired, but a good effect is obtained by touching up the natural hair with the burnt cork, which is easily removed by soap and water. The Judge may wear a gray negro wig, gray crepe or cotton eyebrows, large spectacles, battered plug hat, long coat, white shirt, collar and tie, and carry a large umbrella. A red bandana is indispensable. Bits of gray crepe-hair may be attached to chin with spirit gum.

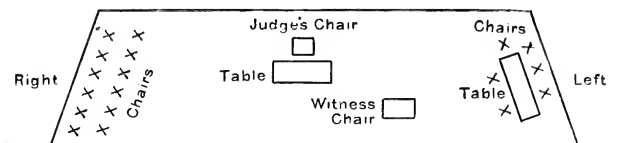
Any shade of brown or yellow may be given the face by using grease-paints of the desired colors. Paints numbers 14, 15, 19 and 20 may be used to good advantage. First apply a light coat of cold cream to the face, allow it to dry and remove surplus with cotton puff or cloth, then apply a light coating of the grease paint, then powder with a powder that matches the paint in shade. In some performances all the characters have been black, but high-brown shades make a more amusing and a more natural setting. Ammonia and Auntie may wear "Mammy," "Topsy" or "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" wigs. Auntie may wear spectacles and sunbonnet, but Ammonia must be dressed in ultra-fashionable style and should be played by a tall, heavy, clumsy man.

If this sketch is given as an afterpiece for a minstrel performance, the middleman usually plays the Judge, the chief

comedians play Buzzer, Aunty and Bolivar, and the snappy juvenile men play Snip and Snap.

The Judge may have a copy of the play on his desk. This part is usually played by the director of the company. The play may be given anywhere and it usually takes about ten days to prepare for it. No scenery or curtains are necessary.

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

HIGH BROWN BREACH OF PROMISE

SCENE: *A courtroom. Elevated seat for Judge, behind a small desk or a pulpit. On this desk are a pitcher of water, a gavel and a blown-up bladder tied to a string. Twelve chairs for the jury appear in two rows at the right side, facing left. Table and several chairs at left side. Large witness chair at left of Judge's seat which is in the center of the stage at the rear. No scenery or curtains are necessary. The characters all enter from the audience room, walking down the aisle and climbing to the stage. Before the play begins the actors are concealed at the rear of the audience room. They sing, unaccompanied:*

I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live an' die in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down south (*retard*) in Dixie.

(NOTE.—*Any other part-song may be substituted for this one.*)

During the singing BUZZER takes a seat in the audience and falls asleep. At the end of the song SHERIFF SHRINKS appears in the rear of the audience room. He is black, dressed in ordinary costume and wears a large sheriff's ludge, made of pasteboard covered with tinfoil.

SHERIFF. Buzzer, Buzzer! Has anybody seen anything of that pin-headed Benny Buzzer? We can't start the breach-of-promise suit till I find Benny Buzzer.

BUZZER (*snores*).

SHERIFF. Oh, there you is. And sound asleep, too. Just like dat possum, sound asleep when he ought to be

cleaning up the courtroom. (*Goes to him.*) Don't he look like mamma's little sleeping angel? (*Shakes him.*) Here, wake up!

BUZZER (*snores loudly*).

SHERIFF. Benny Buzzer, you wake up and come on and clean out this here courtroom.

BUZZER (*snorts*).

SHERIFF. I can't wake him up and it's pretty near time for his honor, Judge Goose, to be here. Wait till I look at my watch. (*Takes an alarm clock from his pocket, starts the alarm and holds it to BUZZER'S ear. BUZZER wakes suddenly and falls to the floor.*)

BUZZER. What is it? Where's the fire? What's the matter?

SHERIFF. Get up there and clean out the courtroom.

BUZZER (*exclaims*). Well, strike me on the head, if it ain't the Sheriff! Lawsy, I thought my wife, Sweet Patooty, done kicked me out of bed.

SHERIFF (*leads him to the stage*). Now you get to work. You clean out this here courtroom or I'll clean *you* out.

BUZZER (*takes broom, grumbling*). More work. Nothing at all to do round here but work. (*Sweeps a little.*)

SHERIFF (*on stage*). Work? You don't know the meaning of the word work. It's the Sheriff that does the work.

BUZZER. No, 'tain't, no, 'tain't. It's the janitor. This here place is just like every other place in town. The boss draws all the money and the janitor does all the work.

SHERIFF. Go on, now, and clean up. It's almost time for the Judge to be here. (*Starts down aisle through audience room.*)

BUZZER (*dusting around very busily*). I'm a working, ain't I?

SHERIFF (*at exit of audience room*). Well, hurry up, 'cause it's time for me to bring in the jury this very minute. (*Disappears.*)

BUZZER. I bet the next job I take I'm going to get one where I don't have to do no work at all no time. I reckon

I'll try to get me a job in ——. (*Name some local "snap" job.*) That old Sheriff must think I'm going to clean out this here court ten times a day. There, I guess everything is all right. (*Slams Judge's chair down.*) Chair's all right. (*Kicks desk or pulpit.*) Desk is all right. (*Slaps gavel down on desk.*) Gavel's all right. (*Swings bladder around and hits himself in face by mistake.*) Pacifier is all right. (*Takes water pitcher.*) Water pitcher is all right. (*Drinks.*) And the janitor is all right. (*Sits in chair by table, stretches feet out in front of him.*) Nothing to do now but wait till his honor, old Judge Goose, arrives. (*Sings to "made-up" tune*):

Had a funny dream the other night,
 Skunk and a polecat had a fight,
 Fought until the nineteenth round,
 When the skunk blew the polecat off the ground.

SHERIFF (*outside, invisible to audience, calls in a loud sing-song tone*). Make way! Way for the honorable Sheriff of this county and the twelve honest men of the jury.

BUZZER. Hot dog, that old Sheriff certainly do love himself to death. Here comes the jury now.

SHERIFF and JURY march in and down the center aisle singing to the tune of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," or with a modification of the last line the words may be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." SHERIFF marches first, then SIMON and DOOLITTLE, LILY and JAKE, WATERMELON and BOLIVAR, PINKY and PERFUMERY, INKBLACK and HIRAM, SAPPY and SLIMMY. As they march down the aisle they sing:

When you see the jury marching in,
 Then it's time to let the court begin,
 I'll bet the Judge is somewhere drinking gin,
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Rastus Jones, he surely is a sight,
 He's being sued by Miss Ammonia White

For a breach of promise, I think it serves him right,
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

(*They line up on the stage facing the audience and sing as they shake fingers at the audience.*)

Here stand the jury, twelve good honest men,
You'd better tremble, or we'll send you to the pen,
If you've been there, we'll send you back again,
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

SHERIFF (*at R.*). The Judge don't seem to have arrived on the spot. Has anyone seen him?

BUZZER (*at L.*). Yes, sir. I done seen him about an hour ago, walking down Petticoat Lane.

SHERIFF. Petticoat Lane? Where is Petticoat Lane?

BUZZER. Oh, it's just about two blocks short of the outskirts.

BOLIVAR. If we ain't got nothing else to do, let's have a song.

SHERIFF. Sure. Watermelon Wishbone, go on and sing us about —. (*Insert the name of the song.*)

WATERMELON. All right. I'll sing if you all will jine in the chorus. (*Specialty introduced.*)

BUZZER (*after end of the song*). Here comes the Judge. Yessir, I seen him out the window. Make way for the right honorable, Judge Goose.

SHERIFF (*at C.*). Jury, take your seats and sing to welcome the Judge.

JURY *stand at R. in two rows*, BOLIVAR and SLIMMY *nearest the audience*. All sing as JUDGE GOOSE *struts down the aisle, bowing L. and R.*

Here comes the Judge, oh, doesn't he look grand,
Bowin' right and left, polite to beat the band;
He's so full of dignity that he can hardly stand,
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

JUDGE (*standing back of his desk or pulpit*). Ladies and gentlemen, brickbats, tin cans and babies, and fellow members of the Republican Party.

ALL (*standing, applaud wildly*). Hurray!

BUZZER (*after the others, raises his hand and says weakly*). Hurray!

JUDGE. I stand here in all my official dignity to bid you welcome to the courts of justice. On this special occasion the elimination of the elucidation appears to coerce the cohesion of the gratification.

BUZZER. Oh, mamma, wash my face!

JUDGE. The pervisity of the sinuosity leads me here tonight to articulate for a unanimous period on the impecuniosity of the Democratic Party. (*Pause.*) I pause for a reply. Shall I proceed?

BUZZER. Go ahead, Judge, we's all got life insurance.

JUDGE (*to audience*). If you don't say nothin' dat means that you are with us and for us, or in the words of the mighty Shakespeare as he says in *Paradise Lost*, "It's a strong wind dat blows nobody good in a colored audience." Now dat brings us again to the parallelogram of party politics which at present, ladies and gentlemen, reminds me of a walnut.

ALL. A walnut?

BUZZER. How come do politics remind you of a walnut?

JUDGE (*to audience*). Now you all take the outside of a common walnut and what does you find? (*Oratorically.*) I axes you, what does you find?

BUZZER. I dunno, Judge. What *does* you find?

JUDGE. You find a soft, green, bitter bark what no one has no use for. Dat is de Socialistic party, and it ain't no good; throw it away. (*Gestures.*)

BUZZER (*imitates gesture*). Away goes de Socialists.

JUDGE. Then next you comes to the hard black shell. Dat also likewise am not what you are looking for. (*Gestures.*) So, you throw it away. Dat's de Democratic party.

BUZZER (*gestures*). Away goes de Democrats.

JUDGE. Ah, but at last, my breddern and my sistern, what do you come to? You come to de sweet, inside meat ob de kernel, and dat's de Republican party. Yes, my hearers, de kernel is de Republican party.

BUZZER. Yes, my hearers, and nine times out ob eight, dat kernel is rotten.

JUDGE. But there has been entirely too much inconsequentiality round here.

BUZZER. Um, um! One of dem is biting me now.

JUDGE (*turns to him for the first time*). What is biting you?

BUZZER. One of dem consequentialities. Got a sting worse'n a hornet.

JUDGE (*to audience*). In face ob de calamity we must maintain a dignified and calamitous configuration in order to prevent de effervescence ob de arduosity. In other words, my breddern and my sistern, vote de Republican ticket, vote it straight and vote it often. (*Sits doẁen.*)

ALL (*applaud wildly*). Hurray! (*ALL sit doẁen.*)

BUZZER (*weakly*). Hur-oo.

JUDGE. Mister Sheriff, you will now proceed with the proceedings by calling the roll of the jury.

SHERIFF (*rises and calls roll from book*). Simon Peter Peck-in-Paw.

SIMON (*rises*). Dat's me. (*Sits doẁen.*)

SHERIFF. Doolittle Dough-Head.

DOOLITTLE (*rises, squeaky voice*). President.

SHERIFF. What you mean by President.

DOOLITTLE. I mean dat I is President.

SHERIFF. You mean you is present, not President.

DOOLITTLE. I mean dat I'm de president of the I-Will-Arise Branch ob de Uplift League ob de African American Church.

SHERIFF (*questions*). You will arise?

DOOLITTLE (*positively*). I will arise.

SHERIFF. You's done arose. Set down and shet up. (*Calls.*) Bolivar Chickenfeet.

BOLIVAR (*rises*). Chickenfeet's right here laying for you. I'm the plumed and spurred rooster dat cackles on — Street.

SHERIFF. Chicken, quit your cackling and set down. Pinky Pinfeathers.

PINKY. Here I is, right off the levvy.

SHERIFF. Yes, and you'll be right back in jail less'n you sets down and keeps still. Jake Buttonbuster.

JAKE (*does not rise*). Um-um. Dat's me.

JUDGE. Um-um. Ten dollars and costs. Dat's me.

SHERIFF. Slimmy Beanpole.

SLIMMY (*rises*). Here I is. Way up here.

SHERIFF. Get way down there and watch your business. (*Calls.*) Watermelon Wishbone.

WATERMELON (*rises*). I'm here too. (*Sits down.*)

SHERIFF. Perfumery Pigsfoot.

PERFUMERY (*is asleep*). Little Joe, little Joe, I'll shoot you for a nickel.

SHERIFF. Wake dat crap-shooter up and make him answer present.

PERFUMERY (*is awakened*). Here I is.

SHERIFF. Inkblack Nightshade.

INK. Way back in the corner.

SHERIFF. Inkblack, you is so dark dat I can't distinguish you from the shadow. (*Calls.*) Hiram Hlogliver.

HIRAM (*rises*). Present, brother.

SHERIFF. Where you get dat brother?

HIRAM (*makes signs at him*). Don't I belong to de same lodge you does?

SHERIFF (*goes to him, makes similar signs*). Am you up or down?

HIRAM. Straight up, son ob Ham, straight up. Which way does de wind blow? (*Makes more signs.*)

SHERIFF (*answering signs*). Up into de Freshman Mountains.

HIRAM (*throws arms around SHERIFF*). T.

SHERIFF (*throws his arms around HIRAM*). N.

BOTH. E.

BOTH (*sing to tune of "Oh, Happy Day"*). How dry I am, How dry I am, Nobody knows or gives a clam.

HIRAM. Now you knows who I is.

SHERIFF. I most certainly does, Royal and Exalted Spif-

ficated Keeper ob de green and black skull and keys, pray be seated. (*Calls.*) Lilyblossom Razorblade.

LILY (*rises and salutes*). Here. (*Sits.*)

SHERIFF (*calls*). Sappy Bonehead. (*No answer.*) Sappy Bonehead. Sappy Bonehead, why don't you answer your call?

SAPPY (*in high effeminate voice*). Dat ain't my entitlements.

SHERIFF. What am your entitlements, den?

SAPPY. My entitlements am *Mister* Sappy Bonehead.

SHERIFF. You might be *Mister* Sappy Bonehead when you's out movin' in de high-perfumed colored circles, but yere in dis court you is jes' plain Bonehead. (*Savagely.*) Get me?

SAPPY. Mercy, how can you be so rude?

SHERIFF. That's all, your honor. They're all here.

JUDGE (*opens big book*). The first case on the docket is White versus Jones. Miss Ammonia White is suing Rastus Jones for a breach of promise. Where are the lawyers? Ah, here they come.

ALL (*sing*).

Here come the lawyers, stepping down the aisle,
Mister Snip and Mister Snap, both are full of style,
Every time they see a gal, jes' watch them lawyers smile,
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

(SNIP and SNAP *have marched down the aisle and on to the platform.*)

SNIP. Good morning, Judge.

SNAP. Good morning, your honor. You're looking fine this morning.

SNIP (*at L.*). Of course he is. His honor always looks fine. In fact, as it says in de statutes, he's a fine looking Judge. Dat's ipso factotum.

SNAP (*at R.*). According to de decision ob Hoyle in his book on Habeus Corpuses, the Judge is a wonder.

JUDGE. That's enough soft soap just now. I admit I'm a wonder.

BUZZER (*at L. corner*). Oh, church bell, start to toll.
You tell 'em, old clock, you cert'n'y got the face.

JUDGE. Lawyer Snip, where is your client?

SNIP. Here he comes now, Mr. Rastus Jones.

RASTUS comes sadly down the aisle.

ALL (*sing*).

Here comes the prisoner, Rastus is his name,
Bow your head, you ought to be ashamed,
To come to court in a breach-of-promise game,
You'll have a hot time in the old town tonight.

JUDGE. Lawyer Snap, where is your client?

SNAP. Here comes de poor little broken-hearted robin
red-breast right now.

BUZZER. You tell 'em, birdie, you's got the right twitter.

AMMONIA comes coquettishly down the aisle.

ALL (*sing*).

Here comes the lady, doesn't she look sweet,
Rings on her fingers, and shoes upon her feet;
She's so pretty dat she's sweet enough to eat,
We'll have a hot time in the old town tonight.

(RASTUS and AMMONIA sit at L. table.)

JUDGE. Lawyer Snap, you may proceed with the case.

SNAP. Your honor and gentlemen of the jury:

BOLIVAR. Dat's me.

SNAP. The circumstances surrounding this case are appealing in their very nature. This villain Rastus Jones has struck at the home and fireside of every man in this grand and glorious country where the star-spangled banner in freedom shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

BUZZER. World without end, amen.

SNAP. This case should appeal to every man who has a home to defend or a wife to venerate.

BOLIVAR. I ain't got no wife.

SNAP. That makes no difference. You love the ladies, don't you?

BOLIVAR. I reckon I do.

SNAP. Then your heart ought to beat with sympathy for that tender little black rosebud sitting there, with her head bowed down in grief, shame and humiliation.

BUZZER. Lift up your head, Rosebud, and gaze on me.

SNAP. See here, a fair, sweet young maid whose heart has been blasted by the icy breath of that villain and home-breaker, Rastus Jones.

SIMON. I move we send him to the pen for life.

PINKY. And I seconds de motion.

JUDGE (*rapping gavel*). Shut up. Order in the court. The jury must be seen and not heard. Let the proceedings proceed to proceed.

SNIP (*coming to JUDGE*). Your honor, I object.

BUZZER (*pushing in front of SNIP*). Yes, your honor, we objects.

JUDGE (*hits BUZZER on head with the bladder*). Shet up and set down.

BUZZER. Down it is. (*Sits down.*)

SNIP. Now, your honor, I object.

SNAP. Your honor, I object to his objecting.

SNIP. Your honor, I object to his objecting to my objecting.

JUDGE (*raps*). Order in the court. Order, I say. I want order, and nothing but order, and very little of that! Lawyer Snap, go ahead.

SNAP. Ammonia, come here. (*She comes to him, he takes her by the hand and leads her to the jury.*) Your honor and gentlemen of the jury: We have here the result of one of the most profligate and cruel cases of base desertion that I have ever witnessed. Look at this shy, beautiful, timid young bud of beauty.

BUZZER. Oh, bud, you's done been blighted by de frost.

SNAP. This innocent little eighteen-year-old maiden.

BUZZER. Forty-eight, forty-eight.

AMMONIA (*goes to him in threatening manner*). What you mean forty-eight?

BUZZER. Nuffin a-tall, nuffin a-tall, dat's my policy numbah, dat's all.

SNAP (*points to AMMONIA*). Gentlemen of the jury, look at her. Look at my wronged and innocent client. (*Loudly.*) Just look at her.

PINKY. I's a lookin' right at her, man. Right at her.

BOLIVAR. And so is I. She looks good to me.

SNAP. She looks more than good. She is beauty itself, and faith and love and trusting innocence.

BUZZER. Oh, undertaker, put a lily in ma hand.

SNAP. See her sweet face!

BOLIVAR. Is dat a face? It looks like a smoked ham to me.

SNAP. In the words of the poet I would say, "Her face is as fair as a starlit night, now isn't she a lovely sight!"

BUZZER. Oh, waiter, pass the mush!

SNAP (*at C.*). Then look at this man. (*Points to RASTUS.*) This great, big, ugly brute of a man.

RASTUS (*standing up*). Who you calling names?

SNAP (*goes to him bravely*). I'm calling you names.

RASTUS. Sure you is?

SNAP (*in bullying tones*). Yes, I's sure I is.

RASTUS. Did you ever see me before?

SNAP (*tough*). Naw, I never saw you before.

RASTUS. Den how you know dis is me?

SNAP (*goes to jury*). This monster in human form is known to the world as Rastus Jones. And what has he done? (*Loud.*) I ask you, what has he done?

SAPPY (*in lady's voice*). For mercy sakes, don't ask me. I don't know. What *has* he done?

SNAP. He has trifled with the affections of this little bud of beauty, Miss Ammonia White.

BUZZER. Bud of beauty? Oh, Gabriel, blow your trumpet.

SNAP. He has broken her heart. She can't sleep, she can't talk, she can't eat, she can't do nothin' but act blue, think blue and sing blue.

BOLIVAR. Can she sing real niggah Blues?

SNAP. 'Cou'se she can, dat's all she can sing.

BOLIVAR. Lemme hear her. I axes you for proof. Jes' lemme hear her.

JUDGE. De statutes of de improvised code says dat you must produce de evidence in court. Miss Ammonia White, step forward and flavor us wif some musical Blues.

(*Specialty by AMMONIA.*)

SNAP (*after song*). Then what did that villain Rastus Jones do? (*Loud.*) What did he do?

PINKY. Well, what *did* he do?

SNAP. He won her tender, trusting little heart and then he cast it aside, as brutally as the murderer casts his bloody victim in the clear crystal waters of the — (*insert name of small dirty creek*). Now I intend to prove that this man Rastus Jones is a crook, a child-stealer, a house-burner, a chicken-grabber, a wife-beater, a crap-shooter, a Democrat, a razor-toter and a bold bad man who ought to be hung by the neck until he is dead, dead, dead.

BUZZER. Sweet daddy, hear ma voice!

SNAP. The Sheriff will now proceed to call my witnesses into court.

SHERIFF (*calls*). Witnesses for de plaintiff, come into court, witnesses for de plaintiff, come into court, witnesses for de plaintiff, come into court.

AUNTY LOUDER, BUCKSAW and SPARERIBS *come down the aisle.*

AUNTY. Is you a callin' us?

SHERIFF. Yes, I's a callin' you-all. Come on up yere, and come quick.

AUNTY. Don't you get so flipperty, man, or I'll jest naturally light on you.

JUDGE. Sheriff, have these witnesses been sworn?

SHERIFF. Yes, your honor, dey been swearin' all mornin'.

SNIP (*jumps up*). Your honor, I object.

BUZZER (*pushes ahead of him*). Yes, your honor, we object.

JUDGE (*hits BUZZER on head with bladder*). Objection's overruled.

(SNIP, BUZZER, BUCKSAW and SPARERIBS *sit at table at L.*)

SHERIFF (*to AUNTY*). Say, old lady, take the stand.

AUNTY. Huh?

SHERIFF. I said to take de stand.

AUNTY. Yas, I yeerd what you said but I cert'n'y was disgusted wif de tone you said it in. I ain't gwine let no man order *me* around.

JUDGE. Madam, will you kindly take the chair?

AUNTY (*pleased*). Oh, yassir, yassir. I'd be most circumvented to accede with your proferration. (*Sits in witness chair.*)

SNAP. We just want to ask you a few questions.

AUNTY. Who do?

SNAP. I do.

AUNTY. Who's you?

SNAP. I am the lawyer.

AUNTY. Liar? Is you a liar?

SNAP. No, madam, I am a lawyer.

AUNTY. Dat's what I said. Liar and lawyer is all de same thing.

SNAP (*sharply*). Now, see here, you—

AUNTY (*waving arms like a prize fighter*). Come on an' hit me! Come on an' hit me! I jes' dares you to!

JUDGE. Lawyer Snap, I'll ask the witness a few questions. Now, Aunty, look at that man there! (*Points to RASTUS.*) Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?

AUNTY. No, sah. I never seen Rastus at no bar. De bars is all done gone outa business, since they done made the country dry.

JUDGE. Did you ever see him with Miss Ammonia?

AUNTY (*loftily*). Oh, yassir, yassir. I done seen him with her with much frequency. You see she rooms at my house, and Rastus he done come there to see her.

JUDGE. When he was with her how did he act?

AUNTY. He acted promiscuous, dat's how he acted—promiscuous.

ALL (*laugh*).

JUDGE (*raps*). Order in the court.

BUZZER. Um, um! Dig me a grave and bury me deep.

JUDGE. What do you mean by acting promiscuous?

AUNTY (*coolly*). Aw, you know, Jedge. You know how you used to act when you went courtin' your best gal on a Saturday night.

JUDGE. I want to know just what you mean.

AUNTY. Well, den—he acted mushy.

SNIP. I object to the mush.

SNAP. And I also object to the mush.

BUZZER. I wonder what's de matter wif dat mush.

JUDGE. I overrule the mush. Lawyer Snip, take the witness.

SNIP. Where'll I take her to?

BUZZER. Take her down to the river and throw her in.

SNIP. Now, Aunty, I want to ask you a few questions.

AUNTY. Go on an' ax 'em; go on an' ax 'em.

SNIP. Did you ever see my client, Mr. Jones, kiss the plaintiff?

AUNTY. Did I ever see him kiss what?

SNIP. I ax you is you ever see Rastus kiss Ammonia?

AUNTY. Oh, yassir, yassir, I done seen dat. Many times, many times.

SNIP. Where did he kiss her?

AUNTY. Huh?

SNIP. I ax you where did he kiss her?

AUNTY. Well, he kissed her—he kissed her on the (*pause a little*) on the front gallery.

BUZZER. Ring dem bells, kase there's joy in ma heart!

SNIP. Did he ever propositionate any matrimonial offer-ation to her?

AUNTY. Did he do which?

SNIP. Did he ax her to marry him?

AUNTY. Yassir, he did.

SNIP. How do you know?

AUNTY (*snappish*). Kase I knows a matrimonial proposition when I sees it.

SNIP. Yes, when you *see* it—but did you *hear* it?

AUNTY. No, sah, I didn't jest exactly hear it.

SNIP. Why not? If he proposed to her, why didn't you hear it?

AUNTY. Kase I was in ma front parlor singin' at ma organ.

SNIP. Oh, you were singing, were you?

AUNTY. Yaas (*quickly*), dat's what I was.

SNIP. Were you singing loud?

AUNTY. Jest medium, jest medium.

SNIP. Let me hear you sing. Your honor, it's very important to know just how loud she was singing.

SNAP. Your honor, I object.

JUDGE. Overruled. Go ahead, Aunty, and show us jest how loud you was singing. We'll all join in and help you.

(*Specialty by AUNTY and chorus by ALL.*)

SNIP (*after song*). If you were singing that loud you didn't hear him propose to her.

AUNTY. No, sah, I didn't hear it, but I got mighty good eyesight.

SNIP. Did you see him propose?

AUNTY. I see him kneel down and look up into her eyes like a dying calf in a rainstorm. Then she grabbed him round the neck and kissed him.

BUZZER. Umm! Pork chops and graby.

AUNTY. Dat's what I seen.

SNIP. So she kissed him, did she?

AUNTY. Yassir, shore did. I take my oath to dat.

SNIP. Didn't he kiss her back?

AUNTY. No, sah.

SNIP. How come.

AUNTY. How come what?

SNIP. How come he didn't kiss her back?

AUNTY. Kase she wasn't turned dat way.

SNIP. I mean didn't he return her kisses?

AUNTY. Oh, yassir. I reckon he did.

SNIP. That's all. The witness is dismissed. (*Sits down at L.*)

SNAP. Hold on. I want to cross-examine the witness. (*Goes to her.*)

AUNTY (*suspiciously*). You wanna what?

SNAP. I'm going to cross-examine you.

AUNTY (*angrily*). You go way from yere, man, an' keep your distance. (*Toss head and speak to audience airily.*) I ain' gwine let no man cross-examine me.

SNAP. Are you sure that you saw Rastus kiss Ammonia?

AUNTY. Cou'se I'm sure. Don't I know a kiss when I sees it?

SNAP. When did this osculation eventuate?

AUNTY (*angrily*). You better not call me no names.

SNAP. I mean when did this kissing take place?

AUNTY. Dog if I know whether it was Saturday night or a Sunday mawnin'. You see when Rastus comes he stays so late dat his Saturdays jes' naturally oozes right 'long into Sunday.

SNAP. Are you sure Ammonia kissed him?

AUNTY (*snaps*). 'Cou'se I's sure. How many times you want me to tell you? I seen her kiss him. I guess I knows. I seen her kiss other men, too. She's de most promiscuous kisser in ma boardin' house.

SNAP. Now, that will do. That's enough.

AUNTY. I seen her kiss you, too.

SNAP. Sit down. The witness is dismissed.

AUNTY. I ain't gwine to be dismissed till I gets ready. Don't you git so hipperty-flipperty wif me, Lawyer Ebenzer Fewclothes Snap. I'm yere to tell what I knows, an' I gwine tell it, too. Judge (*points to SNAP*), dat man owe me nineteen dollars an' sixty-eight cents fo' his board bill. Yas, he do, an' his wife she owe me more'n dat.

JUDGE. That's got nothing to do with this case. You go over there and sit down by the table.

BUZZER. Yas, you come over yere and set down by me.

AUNTY. Who's dat black steam whistle lettin' off all

dat noise? You better not go gettin' flirtatious wif me, boy, kase I ain' gwine stand it. I's a lady, I is, an' I don't low no lump of coal-black to get talky wif me.

BUZZER. Oh, undertaker, dig me a grave and bury me deep.

AUNTY. I bet de undertaker will *have* to dig you a grabe if you go makin' google eyes at me. Jes' one more word out ob you an' you gwine to feel de sexton pattin' you in de face wif a spade. I might be old, boy, but I cert'n'y is s pry.

JUDGE (*raps*). Order in the court.

AUNTY (*to* JUDGE). Who you talkin' at?

JUDGE. I'm talking at you. Sit over there by the table or I'll fine you ten dollars for contempt of court.

AUNTY. Fine *me* ten dollars for contempt to court! Say, man, if *you* is de court ten dollars wouldn't express all de contempt I got. (*Goes to seat beside BUZZER, makes a threatening gesture at him, he runs back of JUDGE'S chair.*)

JUDGE. Call the next witness.

SHERIFF (*to* BUCKSAW). Take the stand.

BUCKSAW (*in witness chair*). Yassir, I's here.

SNAP. What's your name?

BUCKSAW. Name's Solomon Bucksaw. I lives in Dead Men's Alley, an' de further down you goes de tougher it gets, and I lives in de last house.

BUZZER. Hot dog!

JUDGE. Well, Mr. Bucksaw, what do you know about this case?

BUCKSAW. I don't know nothin' 'bout no case no time.

AUNTY. Yes he do, too. He yeerd Rastus propose to Ammonia jes' de same as I did.

JUDGE. Is this true? Did you see Rastus propose to Ammonia?

BUCKSAW. I reckon I did.

JUDGE. Where were you?

BUCKSAW. Up in my room in Auntie Louder's boarding house. I lives dere.

JUDGE. What did you hear Rastus say?

BUCKSAW. Well, I ain't yerd him say nothin', 'cause I was playing on my banjo (*or mention appropriate instrument*) at de time, but I seen him.

JUDGE. How loud were you playing?

BUCKSAW. Just about dis loud. (*Plays chord on banjo, or mouth-harp, or any other instrument.*)

JUDGE. Let me hear just what you were playing when you saw Rastus propose to Ammonia.

(*Music by BUCKSAW.*)

SNIP. Now, Mr. Bucksaw, if you were playing that loud, you didn't hear Rastus say a word, did you?

BUCKSAW. Well, I could 'a yeerd him, ef it hadn't been for de quartet.

SNIP. Oh, there was a quartet, too, was there?

BUCKSAW. Yas, sah. Him, and him, and him, and him. (*Points to four of the jury.*)

SNIP. They were making noise, too, were they?

AUNTY. No, dey wasn't, dey was singin' me a sweet serenade. Dem's all my gentlemen friends.

BUZZER. Oh, Lizzie, pour some 'lasses on ma bread!

SNIP. Your honor, I'd like to hear how loud that quartet was singing.

JUDGE. All right. Come out here, boys, and sing us the song you sang last Saturday night when you were serenading Aunty Louder.

(*Quartet Specialty.*)

SNIP. Now, Mr. Bucksaw, if all this music was going on that night, you didn't hear Rastus say a word, did you?

BUCKSAW. No, sah. I don't 'spect I did.

SNAP. But you know that he proposed marriage to her, don't you?

BUCKSAW. Yassir. She done told me that.

SNIP. Oh, she told you so, did she? (*To JUDGE.*) He doesn't know it himself, he only knows what Ammonia told him.

JUDGE. That'll do, Bucksaw. Sheriff, call the next witness.

SHERIFF (*to SPARERIBS*). Take the witness chair.

SNAP. What's your name?

SPARE. My name's Juicy Spareribs.

BUZZER. Oh, mamma, pass my plate!

SNAP. Where do you live?

SPARE. At Aunty Louder's boarding house.

SNAP. Where were you last Saturday night?

SPARE. Settin' in my front window, wif my shoes off, airin' ma feet.

SNAP. What did you see?

SPARE. I see Rastus makin' love to Miss Ammonia.

SNAP. Are you sure you saw that?

SPARE. Posolutely.

SNAP. Sure, are you?

SPARE. Absotively.

SNAP. Did he ask her to be his wife?

SPARE. Shore did.

SNAP. You heard him with your own ears, didn't you?

SPARE. No, sah. I didn't hear him with ma own ears.

SNAP. But you are sure you saw him?

SPARE. Well, I ain't exactly sure.

SNAP. Then why do you come up here and say that he proposed to her?

SPARE. Why? Is dat what you ask me—why?

SNAP. Yes, sir. Why?

SPARE. 'Cause you done give me three dollars to say dat.

SNAP. Shut up.

SPARE. Well, you did. You told me yesterday that if I said Rastus proposed to Ammonia you'd give me five dollars, and you already done gimme three.

AUNTY. Dat ain't nuffin. He gimme six dollars to say de same thing.

BUCKSAW. He only gimme three dollars an' six bits.

JUDGE. Snap, you've been bribing the witnesses. I fine you ten dollars for contempt to court. Got any more witnesses?

SNAP. Call the plaintiff.

SHERIFF. Miss Ammonia, take the chair.

AMMONIA. Oh, I'm so embarrassed.

SNAP. Now, Ammonia, I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

AMMONIA. Yes, sir. Dat's jes' what you'll get, 'cause I don't never tell no lies to no one at no time.

SNAP. Did Rastus Jones ever ask you to marry him?

AMMONIA. Yes, he did. He was alla time askin' me to marry him, but whenever I lead him towards de church, he'd get cold feet and 'low he wasn't ready.

SNAP. When he asked you to marry him, what did you say?

AMMONIA. I said, Honey love and lump of sweetness—

SNAP. I mean, did you say yes, or no?

AMMONIA. I said yes. Dat's what I said. Yes, honey, I'm yours for life.

SNAP. Did he ever kiss you?

AMMONIA. Yes, sir, he did. Cou'se he did.

JUDGE. How did he kiss you?

AMMONIA. Jest naturally, Judge, jest naturally.

JUDGE. I mean were they the cold kisses of friendship or the warm kisses of affection?

AMMONIA. Judge, dem kisses was so hot dat I had to wear ear-muffs made outa asbestos to keep from burning up.

BUZZER. Oh, put me in ma little bed and cover up ma feet!

SNAP. I think that will do.

SNIP. Just a minute. Are you sure he kissed you, Ammonia?

AMMONIA. Deed I is. When I gets a kiss I knows it.

SNIP. Did he ever talk to you over the telephone?

AMMONIA. Yes, he did. Kissed me over the telephone, too.

SNIP. Oh, that's nothing.

AMMONIA. You said a mouthful, man. A kiss over the telephone is jest like having a million dollars in your mind.

BUZZER. Well, stand me up and knock me down!

SNIP. You say he asked you to marry him?

AMMONIA. Yessir, dat's what I said, and dat's what he done.

SNIP. Well, why didn't the ceremony take place?

AMMONIA. I don't know.

SNIP. Didn't you return his affection?

AMMONIA. Cou'se I did. I was willin' and anxious to get married, but when de time rolled round, he 'low he ain't got money enough to support a wife. I tell dat to Mistah Lawyer Snap and Lawyer Snap he tell me to sue Rastus for a breach-ob-promise case. Dat's all.

SNIP. That's enough. You may go over there and sit down.

AMMONIA (*sits by table*). And I's a broken-hearted liiy from dat day to this. (*Weeps.*) He's done trifled wif ma affectations, made a graveyard outa my heart to bury his triflin' in. (*Weeps.*)

BUZZER. Oh, sweet daddy, get an umbrella, kase it looks like rain.

SNIP. Rastus, take the chair. (*RASTUS sits in witness chair.*)

JUDGE. What's your name?

RASTUS. Ma maiden name is Jones. Rastus Jones.

JUDGE. Did you ever ask Ammonia to marry you?

RASTUS. Yes, sah, I did.

JUDGE. How come you didn't marry her, then?

RASTUS. Well, I done seen Lawyer Snap a-huggin' her one night, and I jest naturally lost all my enthusiasm. Dat's how come.

SNAP. Are you sure you saw what you say you saw?

RASTUS. Yassir, I say I saw what I say I saw. Dat's what I saw.

SNAP. Your honor, that little hug has no bearing on this case.

BUZZER. I'll bet dat man's some hugger. Hot dog!

SNAP. Now, Judge, it is plain that the defendant asked the plaintiff to marry him and then refused to live up to his part of the contract. Of course it's plain. Why it's just as plain as the nose on your face.

JUDGE. Whose nose?

SNAP. Your nose.

JUDGE. Don't you make no remarks about ma nose. Rastus, go over there and set down. Is that all your witnesses, Snap?

SNAP. Dat's all, your honor.

BOLIVAR (*stands up*). Wait a minute. I's a witness.

SHERIFF (*goes to him*). You keep still. You're on the jury.

BOLIVAR. Dat never makes no never mind wif me. I know sump'm about dis yere case and I claims to tell it.

SNAP. What you know about dis case?

BOLIVAR. You gwine to find out what I knows.

JUDGE. All right. Bolivar, take the stand.

SNIP. What's your name?

BOLIVAR. Name Bolivar Chickenfeet and I lives in Memphis.

SNIP. Do you know Rastus Jones?

BOLIVAR. No, sah. I dunno no Rastusses, at all.

SNIP. Do you know Ammonia White?

BOLIVAR. Shore do. I knowed Ammonia when she lived in Memphis last year. I knows Lawyer Snap, too. He also lived in Memphis last year.

SNIP. Well, what about it?

BOLIVAR. This about it. Him and her is married man and wife.

SNIP. Who are man and wife?

BOLIVAR. Ammonia and Lawyer Snap. Her name ain't White no more at all. She's Mrs. Lawyer Snap, and dey's got four five little Snappers to prove the truth of ma statement.

BUZZER. Oh, Abraham, blow your bugle, 'cause de cat's done out o' de bag.

JUDGE. Lawyer Snap, is this true?

SNAP. Yes, Jedge, I has to admit it. I reckon it is.

JUDGE. Then the whole case has been a frame-up. How come you to have her sue Rastus Jones for a breach ob promise when she's already your lawful wedded wife?

SNAP. Jest 'cause I needs de money, Jedge, dat's how come.

JUDGE. Accordin' to de precincts ob my jurisdiction I hereby and herewith fine you 'leven hundred dollars for contempt to court, and sentences you to ninety days in de county jail for tryin' to work a flim-flam game on an honest man. Sheriff, clear the court, the case is dismissed. And go over there and arrest dat low-down hunk ob charcoal, Lawyer Snap.

SHERIFF *handcuffs* SNAP *with huge chain and he and BUZZER lead him around stage, JUDGE and AUNTY followe, then SNIP and AMMONIA, then all others marching in pairs as they sing:*

ALL (*sing as they march around the platform*).

Lawyer Snap gets ninety days in jail,
Ain't nobody a-goin' to go his bail,
Ought to take him out and ride him on a rail,
He'll have a hot time in the old town tonight.

(*They all march out, down through the audience, singing*):

All you people, we hope you liked the show,
If you didn't, just take your hats and go,
But don't ask for your money because we need the dough,
There's been a hot time in the old town tonight.

(*Repeat the last verse until all are out at rear.*)

THE END.

The Lady of the Library

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Price, 35 Cents

A delightful comedy-drama of village life in 3 acts; 5 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** Reading room of a public library; easily set. A most refined and lovable librarian of 60 years, surprisingly youthful in appearance and manner, plays the leading rôle. Through her selection of literature the town has been brought up to a high standard. Although sincerely in love with a certain judge, she has allowed the whims of others to keep them apart for many years; however, they are finally united. Pearl, the pretty ingenue, a strong part. Bits of good comedy furnished by two typical old maids, a movie actress, newiweds and the "proprietor of the dust rag." A story that inspires the most pleasant thoughts and is bound to find its way to the heart of every audience.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Morning at the Library. A movie actress in ordinary rôle. "Miss Avis won't be an old maid when she's a hundred." Burr warns Pearl against the fate of a spinster. The missing book. Mrs. Nelson recalls old times. The new preacher feels called to set to rights a few things. "Would you close the doors of knowledge to your four-footed brothers?" Mrs. Edgeworth exerts her authority. A startling insinuation. Avis unlocks the chambers of the past. "God be merciful to all who are born women!"

Act II.—Mrs. Edgeworth on the war-path. Sam assumes the blame. "I'm the guy that put the sin in Cincinnati." The Judge's return takes everybody by surprise. The preacher interviews Pearl and Susanne appeals for religious instruction. Mrs. Edgeworth's accusation is met by opposition. "If this was the Judgment Day and you were the Angel of Death itself, I could give no other answer!" "I would stake my very life on her honesty."

Act III.—Sam gets poetic through literary association. The preacher hears the story of Pearl's origin. Avis resigns her position. The Judge hears of the pearl ring and finds the long-sought child. Mrs. Edgeworth's change of heart. "Of course the dear child was not at all to blame." The Judge reveals the mystery of the lost volume and Burr contributes his share to the revelation. Pearl speaks her mind. "I have nothing whatever to say to Burr's mother." Mrs. Edgeworth rejoices. "I have always longed for a daughter." Susanne frightens the minister. "Go away, lady!" Avis receives and answers her letter at last. The Judge "considers their ages" and gets his "turn" at last. "Is it too late to find the minister?"

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By SHELDON FARMER

Price, 35 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

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An Old Fashioned Mother

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 35 Cents

The dramatic parable of a mother's love. In 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females, also the village choir or quartet and a group of silent villagers. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene: A sitting room. A play of righteousness as pure as a mother's kiss, but with a moral that will be felt by all. Contains plenty of good, wholesome comedy and dramatic scenes that will interest any audience. **Male Characters:** The county sheriff; an old hypocrite; the selfish elder son; the prodigal younger son; a tramp and a comical country boy. **Female Characters:** The mother (one of the greatest sympathetic roles ever written for amateurs); the village belle; the sentimental old maid; the good-hearted hired girl; a village gossip and a little girl of nine. Especially suited for church, Sunday school, lodge or school performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Good Samaritan. Aunt Debby's farmhouse in late March. The Widder rehearses the village choir. Sukey in trouble with the old gray tabby cat. "She scratched me. I was puttin' flour on her face for powder, jest like you do!" Lowisy Custard reads her original poetry and Jerry Gosling drops in to see if there are to be any refreshments. "That's jest what maw says!" Lowisy and Jonah pass the fainting tramp by the wayside and Deborah rebukes them with the parable of the Good Samaritan. The tramp's story of downfall due to drink. "A poor piece of driftwood blown hither and thither by the rough winds of adversity." John, Deborah's youngest son, profits by the tramp's experience. "From this moment no drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips." John arrested. "I am innocent, and when a man can face his God, he needn't be afraid to face the law!"

Act II.—A Mother's Love. Same scene but three years later, a winter afternoon. "Colder'n blue and purple blazes and snowin' like sixty." Jerry's engagement ring. "Is it a di'mond? Ef it ain't I'm skun out of two shillin'." "I been sparkin' her fer nigh onto four years, Huldy Sourapple, big fat gal, lives over at Hookworm Crick." Deborah longs for news from John, the boy who was taken away. The Widder gossips. "I never seen sich a womern!" "You'd think she was a queen livin' in New York at the Walled-off Castoria." Lowisy is disappointed in Brother Guggs and decides to set her cap for Jonah. Deborah mortgages the old home for Charley and Isabel. The sleighing party. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" The face at the window. Enoch and John. "I've been weak and foolish, a thing of scorn, laughed at, mocked at, an ex-convict with the shadow of the prison ever before me, but all that is passed. From now on, with the help of God, I am going to be a man!"

Act III.—The Prodigal Son. Two years later. Deborah bids farewell to the old home before she goes over the hills to the poorhouse. "The little home where I've lived since John brought me home as a bride." The bitterest cup—a pauper. "It ain't right, it ain't fair." Gloriana and the baby. "There ain't nothin' left fer me, nothin' but the poorhouse." The sheriff comes to take Aunt Deb over the hills. "Your boy ain't dead. He's come back to you, rich and respected. He's here!" The return of the prodigal son. Jerry gets excited and yells, "Glory Hallelujah!" The joy and happiness of Deborah. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

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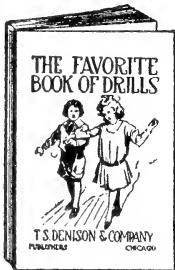
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